Flying the fury of your conquering ſword,
As *Pharaoh* earſt within the bloody ſea,
So he and his enuironed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* waſhes all were ouerwhelmed,
The Barons fled,our forces caſt away.

Lew. Was euer heard ſuch vnexpected newes?

Meſſ. Yet *Lodowike* reuiue thy dying heart,
King *Iohn* and all his forces are conſum'd.
The leſſe thou needs the aide of Engliſh earles,
The leſſe thou needſt to grieue thy Nauies wracke;
And follow times aduantage with ſucceſſe.

Lewis, Braue Frenchmen arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewis*,who will lead you on
To chaſe the Barons power that wants a head,
For *Iohn* is drown'd,and I am Englands King.
Though our munition and our men be loſt,
Philip of France will ſend vs freſh ſupplies. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Friers laying a cloth.

Fr. Diſpatch,diſpatch,the King deſires to eate,
Would a might eat his laſt for the loue he beares to church men.

Fr. I am of thy minde too, and ſo it ſhould be and we might be our owne caruers.
I marueil why they dine here in the Orchard.

Fr. I know not,nor I care not. The King comes.

Ioh. Come on Lord Abbot,ſhall we ſit together?

Ab. Pleaſeth your Grace ſit downe.

Ioh. Take your places ſirs,no pompe in penury,all beggers and friendes may come, where Neceſſitie keepes the houſe,curteſie is barr'd the table,ſit downe *Philip*.

Baſt. My Lord, I am loth to allude ſo much to the prouerb,honors change maners: a King is a King,though Fortune do her worſt, & we as dutifull in deſpite of her frown, as if your Highnes were now in the higheſt tipe of dignity.

Ioh. Come,no more adoe, and you tell me much of dignity,you'l marre my appetite in a ſurfet of ſorrow.

What

What cheere Lord Abbot,me thinks
that knows his gueſt hath no money t

Ab. No my Liege, if I frowne a
this cheere too homely to entertaine
your Maieſtie.

Baſt. I thinke rather, my Lord Ab
my laſt being here, when I went in p
and the rancor of his heart breakes ou
to ſhew he hath not forgot me.

Ab. Not ſo my Lord, you, and the
his Maieſty,are heartily welcome to n

Mon. Waſſell my Liege, and as
ſay,welcome to *Swinſtead*.

Iohn, Begin Monke,and report he
ſter to a King.

Mon. As much health to your H

Ioh. I pledge thee kind Monke.

Mon. The merrieſt draught, tha
Am I not too bold with your Highne

Ioh. Not a whit,all friends and fell

Mon. If the inwards of a toad be
proofe: why ſo it workes.

Ioh. Stay *Philip*,where's the Monk

Baſt. He is dead my Lord.

Ioh. Then drinke not *Philip* for a w
What cheere my Liege? your colo

Ioh. So doth my life: O *Philip*,I a
The Monke,the Diuell,the poyſon gi
It will depoſe my ſelfe a King from ra

Baſt. This Abbot hath an intereſt
At all aduentures take thou that from
There lie the Abbot,Abbey Lubber,D
March with the Monke vnto the gate
How fares my Lord?

Ioh. Philip, ſome drinke,oh for the
To tumble on and coole, this inward h
That rageth as the fornace ſeuen-fold